

The History of

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, wil you sit downe
And Vncle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, fir, good cousin *Hotspur*;
for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his
cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee wisheth you in
Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower*
spoke of:

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuity,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery shapes
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, so it would haue done at the same season, if your
mothers Cat had but kited, though your selfe had neuer been
borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind.
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. the Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble:

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuity:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vntruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for enlargement struiuing,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers, At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heardes
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened Fields,

These

These signes haue markt me extra
And all the courses of my life doe
I am not in the roll of common m
Where is the liuing, clipt in with
That chides the Bankes of Englan
Which calls me pupill, or hath read
And bring him out that is but W
Can trace me in the tedious way o
And hold me pace in deepe experi

Hot. I thinke there's no man sp
He to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you w

Glen. I can call Spirits from the

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can an
But will they come, when you doe

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, con

Hot. And I can teach thee, coufi
By telling truth. Tell truth, and sha
If thou haue power to raise him, b
And ile be sworne, I haue power t
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and s

Mor. Come, come: no more of

Glen. Three times hath *Henry* h
Against my power, thrice from th
And Sandy-bottomd *Seuerne* haue l
Boorlesse home, and weather-beat

Hot. Home without bootes, an
How scapes he agues in the diuels

Glen. Come, here is the Map, sha
According to our threefold order t

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath d
Into three limits, very equally:

England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hi
By South and East, is to my part as

All Westward *Wales* beyond the
And all the fertile land within that

To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare C
The remnant Northward, lying off